WHERE DORCAS LIVED.

QUENT SERMON IN JOPPA.

in the sacred history of Joppa, the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., preaching here to a company of Christian people of various denomina-tions on "The Birthplace of Sewing So-He took for his text Acts ix, 89: "And all the widows stood by him weeping, and showing the coats and garments which Dorcas made while she was with them." The

preacher said Christians of Joppa! Impressed as I am with your mosque, the first I ever saw, and stirred as I am with the fact that your harbor once floated the great rafts of Lebanon cedar from which the temples at Jerusalem were builded, Solomon's oxen drawing the way to Jerusalem, nothing can make the needle. me forget that this Joppa was the that one of the most magnificent charities of the centuries was started in

this seaport by Dorcas, a woman with her needle embroidering her name in-effaceably into the beneficence of the world. I see her sitting in yonder home. In the doorway, and around about the building, and in the room where she sits, are the pale faces of the her time idly planning how the poor poor. She listens to their plaint, she pitles their woe, she makes garments for them, she adjusts the manufactured articles to suit the bent form of this invalid woman, and to the cripple that comes crawling on his hands and knees. She gives a coat to this one, she gives sandals to that one. With home, and sees his little boy well clad,

place, a family that had not been at table for many a week are gathered now, for Doreas has brought bread. DEATH AND RESURRECTION OF DORCAS. But there is a sudden pause in that is Doreas? Why, we haven't seen her for many a day. Where is Doreas?" And one of these poor people goes up mystery solved. All through the haunts of wretchedness, the news comes, "Dorcas is sick!" No bulletin flashing from the palace gate, telling the stages of a king's disease, is more anxiously awaited for than the news from this sick benefactress. Alas! for voice which has uttered so many cheer-ful words is hushed; that hand which had made so many garments for the poor is cold and still; the star which had poured light into the midnight of wretchedness is dimmed by the blinding mists that go up from the river of death. In every God forsaken place in this town; wherever there is sick child and no balm; wherever there is hunger and no bread; wherever there is guilt and no commiseration; wherever there is a broken heart and no comfort, there are despairing looks and streaming eyes, and frantic gesticulations as they cry: "Dorcas is dead!" They send for the apostle Peter, who happens to be in the suburbs of this place, stopping with a tan-ner by the name of Simon. Peter urges his way through the crowd around the door, and stands in the presence of the dead. What expostuation and grief all about him! Here stand some of the poor people, who show the garments which this poor woman had made for them. Their

grief cannot be appeased. The apostle Peter wants to perform a miracle. He will not do it amidst the excited crowd, so he kindly orders that the whole room be cleared. The door is shut against the populace. The apostle stands now with the dead. Oh, it is a serious moment, you know, when you are alone with a lifeless body! The apostle gets down on his knees and prays, and then he comes to the lifeless form of this one all ready for the sepulcher, and in the strength of him who is the resurrection he exclaims: "Tabitha, arise!" There is a stir in the fountains of life; the heart flutters; the nerves thrill; the cheek flushes; the eye opens; she sits up! We see in this subject Dorcas the disciple; Dorcas the benefactress; Dorcas the lamented; Dorcas the resur-

If I had not seen that word disciple in my text, I would have known this woman was a Christian. Such music as that never came from a heart which is not chorded and strung by divine grace. Before I show you the needleyou her regenerated heart, the source of a pure life and of all Christian charities. I wish that the wives and mowomen! that you attend to the first,

last and greatest duty of your lifethe seeking for God and being at peace with him. When the trumpet shall sound, there will be an uproar, and a wreck of mountain and continent, and no human arm can help you. Amidst the rising of the dead, and amidst the boiling of younder sea, and amidst the boiling of younder sea, and obsequies than all the tears that were obsequies than all the tears that were obsequies than all the lachrymals that him the story of history that on that day there were ten thousand of the poor of France who followed her coffin, weeping and wailing until the air rang again, because, when they lost Josephine, they lost their last earthly friend. Oh, who would not rather have such obsequies than all the tears that were obsequies than all the tears that were obsequies than all the lachrymals that the flying heavens, calm and placid ever poured in the lachrymals that will be every woman's heart who hath have been exhumed from ancient citput her trust in Christ; calm notwith-standing all the tunnil, as though the dead; there may be no costly sarcophafire in the heavens were only the gild- gus; there may be no elaborate mausoings of an autumnal sunset, as though leum; but in the damp cellars of the the peal of the trumpet were only the harmony of an orchestra, as though the awful voices of the sky were but a group of friends bursting through a gateway at eventime with laughter.

The damp cellars of the city, and through the lonely huts of the mountain glen, there will be mountain glen, there will be mountain glen, there will be mountain, mourning, mourning, because Dorcas is dead. "Blessed are gateway at eventime with laughter,"

You see, he didn't catch on," said the parallel some rines were being discharged in the darkness. The answers at first the puraled, but politie senor; "was it the Spanish? Pardon, I did not recognize it."

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at the feet of Jesus! THE PRAISES OF THE NEEDLE. Further, we see Dorcas the benefactress. History has told the story of the crown; the epic poet has sung of the sword; the pastoral poet, with his verses full of the redolence of clover tops, and a-rustle with the silk of the corn, has sung the praises of the plow. I tell you the praises of the needle.

garden of Eden to the last stitch taken on the garment for the poor, the needle has DR. TALMAGE PREACHES AN ELOOUENT SERMON IN 102224

Wrought wonders of kindness, generosity and benefaction. It adorned the girdle of the high priest; it fashioned the curtains in the ancient tabernacle; it cushioned the chariots of tated, but the deceased coming up King Solomon; it provided the robes again after death in the good accom-

of Queen Elizabeth; and in high places and in low places, by the fire of the pioneer's back log and under the flash of the chandelier, everywhere, it has ly work is done. No. His influence clothed nakedness, it has preached the Gospel, it has overcome hosts of pening the sacred history of Joppa, the ury and want with the war cry of "Stitch, stitch, stitch!" The operatives have found a livelihood by it, and through it the mansions of the employer have been constructed. Amidst the greatest triumphs in all ages and lands, I set down the conquests of the needle. I admit its crimes; I admit its cruelties. It has had more martyrs than the fire; it has church; hundreds of souls stand up and confess the faith of had more martyrs than the fire; it has church; hundreds of souls stand up and confess the faith of had more martyrs than the fire; it has church; hundreds of souls stand up and confess the faith of had more martyrs than the fire; it has church; hundreds of souls stand up and confess the faith of had more martyrs than the fire; it has church; hundreds of souls stand up and confess the faith of had more martyrs than the fire; it has church; hundreds of souls stand up and confess the faith of had more martyrs than the fire; it has church; hundreds of souls stand up and confess the faith of had more martyrs than the fire; it has church; hundreds of souls stand up and confess the faith of had more martyrs than the fire; it has church; hundreds of souls stand up and confess the faith of had more martyrs than the fire; it has church; hundreds of souls stand up and confess the faith of had more martyrs than the fire; it has church; hundreds of souls stand up and confess the faith of had more martyrs than the fire; it has church; hundreds of souls stand up and confess the faith of had more martyrs than the fire; it has church; hundreds of souls stand up and confess the faith of had more martyrs than the fire; it has church and the fire; it has church and the fire than the fire; it has church and the fire than the fire; it has church and the fire than the fire than the fire; it has church and the fire than t punctured the eye; it has pierced the who went away fifteen years ago, side; it has struck weakness into the nothing to do with these things? I

lungs; it has sent madness into the brain; it has filled the potter's field; it has pitched whole armies of the suffering all the songs over sins forgiven, in ing into crime and wretchedness and all the prosperity of the church. The woe. But now that I am talking of good that seemed to be buried has come Dorcas and her ministries to the poor, up again. Dorcas is resurrected.

I shall speak only of the charities of After a while all these womanly logs through this very town on the I shall speak only of the charities of me forget that this Joppa was the birthplace of the sewing society that all those women who make garments ments for others, some one will make has blessed the poor of all succeeding ages in all lands. The disasters to your town when Judas Maccabaeus for the barefooted, who prepare bandages for the last robe we for the last robe we for the last robe we for the barefooted, who fix up boxes of You will have heard the last cry of your will have witnessed the set it on fire, and Napoleon had five hundred prisoners massacred in your neighborhood cannot make me forget. The hundred prisoners massacred in your neighborhood cannot make me forget. The hundred prisoners massacred in your hundred prisoners massacred in your neighborhood cannot make me forget. The hundred prisoners massacred in your hundred prisoners massacred hundred hundred hundred

her time idly planning how the poor of your city of Joppa were to be relieved; she took her needle and relieved them. She was not like those persons who sympathize with imagi-nary sorrows, and go out in the street and laugh at the boy who has upset his basket of cold victuals, or like that charity which makes a rousing speech the gifts she mingles prayers and tears and Christian encouragement. Then she goes out to be greeted on the street corners by those whom she has blessed, and all through the street the

the lane, eyes half put out with sin ity. There are a great many who have think they see a halo of light about fine ideas about church architecture her brow, and a trail of glory in her pathway. That night a half paid ship- a church. There are men who can London, the Queen of England disand says: "Where did these clothes farthing for their evangelization. come from?" And they tell him, There are women who talk beautifully "Dorcas has been here." In another about the suffering of the world, who about the suffering of the world, who place a woman is trimming a lamp; never had the courage like Dorcas to the distribution of the medals. A colo-Doreas bought the oil. In another take the needle and assault it. DISCIPLES OF DORCAS.

the world's history which is not a record of female benevolence. God says arose before them in the name of her to all lands and people, Come now and government, and uttered words of hear the widow's mite rattle down into commendation to the officers and the poor box. The princess of Conti men, and distributed these medals, inthe famine stricken. Queen Blanche, Alma, Balaklava, Inkerman and Sethe wife of Louis VIII, of France, bastopol. As the queen gave these to hearing that there were some persons the wounded men and the wounded unjustly incarcerated in the prisons, officers, the bands of music struck up went out amidst the rabble and took a the national air, and the people with stick and struck the door as a signal streaming eyes joined in the song: that they might all strike it, and down went the prison door and out came Joppal there is wailing, wailing. That the prisoners. Queen Maud, the wife of Henry I, went down amidst the poor and washed their sores and adninistered to them cordials. Mrs. Retson, at Matagorda, appeared on the battlefield while the missiles of death were flying around, and cared for the wounded. Is there a man or woman who has ever heard of the civil war in America who has not heard of the vomen of the Sanitary and Christian commissions, or the fact that, before the smoke had gone up from Gettysburg and South Mounain, the women of the north met the women of the south on the battlefield, forgetting all their animosities while they bound up the wounded, and closed the eyes of the slain?

Dorcas the benefactress. I come now to speak of Dorcas the amented. When death struck down that good woman, oh, how much sorrow there was in this town of Joppa! suppose there were women here with larger fortunes; women, perhaps, with handsomer faces; but there was no grief at their departure like this at the death of Dorcas. There was not more turmoil and upturning in the Mediterranean sea, dashing against the wharves of this seaport, than there were surgings to and fro of grief because Dorcas was dead. There are a great many who go out of life and are unmissed. There may be a very large

funeral; there may be a great many carriages and a plumed hearse; there may be high sounding eulogiums; the bell may toll at the cemetery gate; there may be a very fine marble shaft reared over the resting place; but the whole thing may be a falsehood and a sham. The church of God has lost nothing, the world has lost nothing. It is only a nuisance abated; it is only a grumbler ceasing to find fault; it is only an idler stopped yawning; it is only a dissipated fashionable parted from his wine cellar; while, on the other hand, no useful Christian leaves this world without being missed. The church of God cries out like the prophet: "Howl, fir tree, for the cedar has fallen." Widowhood comes and shows the garments which the departed work of this woman, I want to show had made. Orphans are lifted up to look into the calm face of the sleeping benefactress. Reclaimed vagrancy comes and kisses the cold brow of her

thers and daughters and sisters of all who charmed it away from sin, and the earth would imitate Dorcas in her all through the streets of Joppa there discipleship. Before you cross the threshold of the hospital, before you cas is dead. of to-morrow, I charge you, in the name of God, and by the turmoil and turnult of the judgment day, oh great many men and women of pomp and pride and position that went out few moments after joining, evidently after her; but I am most affected by in a silent struggle with a plotted

> I speak to you of Dorcas the resurrected. The apostle came to where
> she was and said: "Arise; and she sat
> up!" In what a short compass the
> great writer put that—"She sat up!"
>
> Pittsburg Post.
>
> Lilian at him, and he's probably used
> to some mongrel South American dialect—some 'potway,' as the French
> call corruption of correctlanguage."—
> Pittsburg Post.
>
> Pittsburg Post. Oh, what a time there must have been

iane! Shout it down that dark alley! Let all Joppa hear it! Dorcas is res-

urrected! GOOD DEEDS LIVE ALWAYS. You and I have seen the same thing many a time; not a dead body resusci-

friends of Christ will put down their

Asleep in Jesus | Blessed sleep From which none ever wake to weep. Then one day there will be a sky rending, and a whirl of wheels, and the flash of a pageant; armies march-ing, chains clanking, banners waving, thunders booming, and that Christian

blessed, and all through the street the not so much theory as practice; not so administered! Daughter of God, so ery is heard: "Dorcas is coming!" The sick look up gratefully in her face as look up gratefully in her face as here look up gratefully in her face as look up gratefully in her sick look up gratefully in her face as sick look up gratefully in her face as she puts her hand on the burning she puts her hand on she puts her hand on the burning brow, and the lost and the abandoned brow, and the lost and the abandoned brow, and the lost and the abandoned brow and the lost and the abandoned brow agencies for the sale of various articles.

They are all great hands to have young Austrian of letters and documents which he had sent on to Mr. agencies for the sale of various articles.

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They are all great hands to have young Austrian of letters and documents which he had sent on to Mr. I ments which he had gentle voice, as though an angel had addressed them; and as she goes out addressed them; and as she goes out mere theorists on the subject of charbeauth. Sing it through all the flying heavens. Dorcas is resurrected! In 1855, when some of the soldiers

> give you the history of Buddhism and tributed among them beautiful medals, fohammedanism, who never sent a called Crimean medals. Galleries were erected for the two houses of parliament and the royal family to sit in. nel who had lost both feet in the battle of Inkerman was pulled in on a wheel I am glad that there is not a page of chair; others came in limping on their sold all her jewels that she might help scribed with the four great tattlefields,

> > God save our gracious queen! Long live our noble queen!

And then they shouted "Huzza! huzza!" Oh, it was a proud day for those returned warriors! But a brighter, better and gladder day will come when toiled in his service, good soldiers of Jesus Christ. He shall rise before them, and in the presence of all the glorified of heaven he will say: "Well done, good and faithful servant!" and then ne will distribute the medals of eternal victory, not inscribed with works of righteousness which we have done, but with those four great battlefields, dear to earth and dear to heaven. Bethlehem! Nazareth! Gethsemane! Cal-

Those foreigners who are members of the Pan-American excursion party and whose knowledge of English has been acquired principally through the use of the dictionary sometimes get themselves into peculiar places by the too literal use of English as she is spoke. At a reception one of the attaches—an officer of great social repute in Washington-introduced one of the Chilians to a very beautiful young lady (which, by the way, is the duty for which these young officers were detailed). The young lady expressed her regret to the attache that she could not speak Spanish, "but," she added, "I can converse in second husband, William de Albini, pass spoken of was the photograph of second husband, William de Albini, pass spoken of was the photograph of

Betraved by the Dictionary.

while many of these gentlemen speak but little English, they are all French scholars. This gentleman speaks able. - Notes and Queries. French admirably.

The dictionary taught foreigner looked calmly into the face of the officer, and in the mildest possible manner remarked, "Youar-r-e one gr-r-eat liar-r; I spik not zo French at all, For a moment the son of Neptune

duty to resent the language of the surprise. haughty Chilian, but his better sense, the conversation say that the young lady nearly fainted; she looked for an instantaneous scrimmage. When the situation dawned on her mind she had a hearty laugh at the expense of the attache.—Washington Star.

burger. "I'd a heap rather talk a Christian tongue. I ain't much on Spanish, anyway—but I've been book-ing up a bit to get a little of it down "I'd a heap rather talk a

the citizen subsequently in explanation, "because I jerked first chop Castilian at him, and he's probably used

around this town, when the apostle brought her out among her old friends! How the tears of joy must have started! What clapping of hands there must have been! What singing! What laughter! Sound it all through that

PHILASKI, TENN., THERSDAY THE WREN'S NEST. Tokio, Najasauki, Yokohama, and

Chicago Times.

HE WILL GET HIS PAPERS BACK.

to Mr. Cornellus Vanderb It.

from time to time into the European

become that Mr. Vanderbilt's secretary

officer, and now occupies a place in

he service of the imperial railroad

of our system; also several receipts,

howing that I strive earnestly to pay

He bundled up these documents and

off every month such parts of my in-

Aug. 19, he wrote again, this time

the country, so in despair he wrote to the doctor to have him use his good

a handsome, soldierly appearing young

evidently a man of refinement. His

documents were weighty with the seals and stamps of the Austrian gov-

Mary Withey, aged 30 years, who

The Profit in Dlamends.

Over \$15,000,000 has been spent in Australia within the last fifteen years

in efforts to exterminate the rabbit,

and late estimates agree that he has

also doubled in numbers during this

time. When the rabbit strikes a good

thing he hates to let go, small as he is.

-Detroit Free Press.

yo' Sunday school lesson?

York Sun.

btedness as I could afford."

I took the wren's nest-Heaven forgive me! Its merry architects so small Had scarcely finished their wee hall That, empty still, and neat and fair Heing idly in the summer air.
The mossy walls, the dainty door,
Where Love should enter and explore, And Love sit caroling outside, And Love within chirp multiplied, I took the wren's nest-

How many hours of happy pains, Through early frosts and April rains; How many songs at eve and morn, O'er springing grass and greening corn; What labors hard through sun and shade Before the pretty house was made! One little minute, only one, And she'll fly back and find it-gone! I took the wren's nest-Bird forgive me!

Thou and thy mate, sans let, sans fear Ye have before you all the year. And every wood holds mooks for you In which to sing and build and woo One piteous cry of birdi: a pain, And ye'll begin your life again, Forgetting quite the lost, lost home In many a busy home to come. But I? Your wee house keep I must Until it crumbles into dust.

I took the wren's nest—

God forgive me!

-New Orleans Picayure.

"I like West Virginia;" said a genbearded men loping by on stout horses, looking for the world like some of their owners. They are reckiessly sent over the ocean as proof of the writer's the world like some of their owners. They are reckiessly sent over the ocean as proof of the writer's the writer into the asylums of the suffering and destitute bearing that Gospel which is sight for the blind, and herring for the sight for the blind, and herring for the deaf, and which makes the lame man leap like a hart, and brings the dead to life, immortal health bounding in the ruleses. What a contrast between their pulses. What a contrast between the practical benevolence of this woman and a great deal of the charity of this day! This woman did not spend of the suffering and last orphanage. You will have come in worn out from your last round of yellowing for the world like some of yellowing some for the world like some of yellowing for the writer's good character, and are often accomn to the valleysare the best farms, and they good character, and are often accomn to the valleysare the best farms, and they good character, and are often accomn to the valleysare the best farms, and they good ch a bargain, but scrupulously honest. to sell. Three-fourths of all these let-Aurora were kept in German until private secretary, but are packed away The people thereabouts dig their coal from the hillsides, and it is cheaper to declines to receive any registered mat-

dig it than to cut wood from their own forests. "Not one in the section I have trav- when the sender is not known to him. the country, ostensibly selling fertili- fore. The story of the young man, as surface again. old chap had a little cobbler's shop. He was a notary public and justice of the peace, was postmaster, sold shoes, ran an express business and had a

dozen agencies for agricultural implements, organs, pianos, carriages and wagons, patent medicines and the infertilizer. The man who wouldn't do business with him didn't have much business."—Washington

The Automatic Photographer. The latest development of automatic machines will take the form of a self acting photographic apparatus. The offered to the public some time in December, is the invention of a Spanish genius. In outward appearance the machine is very similar to the innumerable engines for luring the hum-ble penny from a curious public that may be seen at any London terminus. The mechanism is simple. The person

This brings into play the machinery; the cap is removed from the lens, at which the "subject" is expected to look steadily during the few seconds Christ shall gather those who have of exposure. Then, by a remarkably rapid process, lasting from two and a of last May. Of course no answer half to three minutes, the photograph came to him, and, after waiting until is developed and ejected from the ma-chine. The photograph is not, of course, on sensitized paper (which would require at least twenty-four hours for its development); but it is developed on a metal plate-some preparation of tinfoil probably-and is really an improved form of daguerrectype. The proprietors of the pat-ent evidently think that "there is money in it," as they have given an order for 2,000 machines to a well known firm in West Bromwich .- St.

to be operated upon stands on an iron

plate, and duly puts his penny in the

James' Gazette. discover any authority for what I am young man over to Mr. Vanderbilt's want any, anyhow!" quite sure I read some years ago-but to whom she was tenderly attached, "Oh, you are all right," said he, "for and entered a convent. Miss Strick- man, who was the Austrian himself. land makes no mention of it, and con- His letter was written in an exquisite siders her conduct quite unaccount- hand, and his face showed him to be

"Here, sonny, hold my horse," said ernment. His address was taken down gentleman to a gamin, as he alighted from a carriage the other day. "Has he had his oats ter day, sir?" asked the boy, as he hesitated. "Had his cats! What has that to do vondered whether or not it was his with it?" inquired the gentleman in

Well, yer see, sir, de las' time I the 5:45 train from Boston to-night, of which he had a good deal, told him that his southern friend knew not what he had said. Those who heard and a lieking when I got home. Put the train was going at the rate of thirty what he had said. Those who heard and a lieking when I got home. Put the train was going at the rate of thirty miles an hour, between Avon and up a quarter and I'll take de risk." The boy got the quarter.-Boston to the faundrymen and jumped from the train, being determined not to ride

gale before."-Harper's Bazar. How Far Can You Hear? Some experiments in judging dis-

tance by sound were carried out on a well known dealer in precious stones is quite a new departure in volunteering and one which, if it is to be made of service, will require more than an ordinary amount of practice. It was ordinary amount of practice. It was guarantee to buy it back at any time fondness for baseball games. first explained to the men that sound less a small per cent. They can afford travels at the rate of 1,100 yards in to do that, for the diamond loses noththree seconds, and on this basis they ing by age, and the chances are that were to estimate the distance at which the owner of the stone will not want some rifles were being discharged in to part with it."-Cincinnati Enthe darkness. The answers at first quirer. guessing the distance exactly. I am told, however, that the experiments

S. Ol, of Tokio, Japan, has been for some days past examining the tele-some days past examining the tele-phone system of Chicago. It appears speech. Don'say perzackly; say pre-phone system of Chicago. It appears speech. Yo' member dat, now? from his statement that there are a zackly.

A SHARK THAT THINKS.

DECEMBER 5.

other Japanese cities, but the ex-change service is very bad. It is to One Charge from a Man-of-War and examine the exchange service here that Mr. Ol has stopped on his way home to Japan from Europe. Mr. Wilson, Now Won't Go Near One. "Several well spun sea yarns have been told by old shellbacks regarding what they had seen at sea," said the telephone superintendent, has Chief Officer James Brown, of the Paspent two days explaining the workcific Mail company's steamer Acapulings of the Chicago system, which is to be made the model for the new ex-change at Tokio. Mr. Ol is said to be co. to a San Francisco Chroniele man. but there is one thing certain, and an expert electrician, and his volumin-ous notes and shrewd questions will doubtless have a marked effect on the that is, I have reason to believe that fish not only have instinct, but also reason-'hello foundries" in his native land .-

How do you come to these conclusions?" was asked. "Well, let me tell you, Now, every seafaring men who has frequented the port of San Jose, at Guatemala, knows that old San Jose Joe has been in and about that port for the last thirty

Cornelius Vanderbilt has probably been the recipient of more begging letters than any other man in this largest sharks ever seen in the waters "Joe is without exception one of the country. Every European mail alone of the ocean. He is over thirty feet brings a doen, written in almost as in length. This was ascertained bemany languages. The writers usually youd a doubt by the officers of the have tales of wie to tell, and invaria. Acapulco on the trip before the last, bly wind up with a request for a respectable amount of cash. There are some who only ask it as a loan, while others demand a cool thousand as a gift. Expressed asserted asser gift. Exaggerated accounts of Mr. length. Vanderbilt's wealth find their way "As to "As to his age that is not positively

known, but the barnacles on his back tleman recently. "Its physical features remind me of New England, and the mountain land and rhododendron. Its papers, and the in pecunious individing less than a second Mides. A the mountain land and rhododendron. Its papers, and the individing less than a second Mides. A curious fact alcut these letters is that indicate that he has been a resident of

as almost every officer whose vessel anchors in those waters takes a whack at

him when he runs his sides and belly within a generation. That church until they are heavily coated with upward, but the bullets don't seem to was established over 150 years ago. dust. So frequent have these letters do him any harm." "Well; about his reasoning "Oh, yes. Some years ago an English man-of-war, while lying at au-chor, undertook to destroy the old

brute by firing a charge of dynamite money, yet no one suffers want. No avalanche of letters to any great ex. into him. Joe was hit on the side and about fifty pounds of shark's flesh work and go a fishing. The store-keeper at a little village on the Poto-these begging letters came to the no-

> "He regularly meets the Apaculco about fifteen miles outside and pilots her in. Once anchored, he is satisfied, the service of the Austro-Hungarian and seems to delight in feeding from the offal. But no matter how well you tell him to leave it alone, and he in-

vstem. Financial troubles, which variably follows that line of reasoning. llowed him from the military serv-"As to his capacity to stow away e, had weighed him down with debts grub, that was proved on one occasion I prevented him marrying the girl when the vessel was taking aboard some hogs. One of ten hogs, weighing about eighty pounds, fell overboard, and old Joe, who is ever on the inputty for twelve years. She was n orphan, and he was anxious as oon as his means permitted to make Now it happened," he continues, his quaint way, "that I read in one of the Vienna papers of the great wealth of Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, "On another occasion we had a lot

of New York, and it occurred to me to of mules on board for the government, and one of the number died and was ply to him for assistance, stating in thrown overboard. Joe made the acletter our harassing circumstances quaintance of the defunct mule, and ad inclosing original documents of after the lapse of six hours the mule he greatest importance to me; my was safely stowed thwart ships in Joe's certificate of commissioned officer, de-cree of appointment to the railroad service, free pass with photograph, entitling me to ride free on all the roads

"Yes, Joe is the largest shark known to us seafaring men. We have tried to kill the monster by all possible means, but so far have miserably failed."-New York Morning Journal.

selosed them to Mr. Vanderbilt in a There is much difference in opinion letter asking for loan in the early part | as to whether a parrot merely imitates or whether it be possessed of reason. Sure the parrot that keeps jabbering "pretty polly" does not seem endowed with much brain, but what must be praying for the return of his docunents, the need of which he was be- said when we hear such parrot stories ginning to feel sorely in order to ap- as the following, of which we are willbly for promotion. Of course he reling to vouch for the truth pure and aved no answer. Then he began to unvarnished. think that the Vanderbilts were not the

A lady owned a handsome parrot nilanthropists he had thought. He and leaving New Orleans one summer ppened to read in another Hunga- she gave her pet to a friend's care. an paper of Dr. Webb's pleasure trip | Polly soon became at home in its new luxuriously appointed cars across quarters! would bow its head to its new mistress, and say in softest tones: "That's it, rub polly's head so, so, darservices in restoring his papers. This ling, rub polly's head." That was result failed him, too. When his let- imitative. What is this? One day its ter came to The Sun office, telling this | mistress was eating plums. Polly was There is, I think, no doubt that Henry IV of England and Robert up to see Dr. Depew, whose heart soft- and said: "Aha, polly, I have plums I am not so sure. But I have tried to of the Austrian. He turned The Sun's "I don't care," said polly. "I don't

private secretary, who brought out a A parrot belonging to a dear friend where I cannot remember—that Ade-licia of Louvaine, second wife of which it contained on the table. Half noyed by the pigeons, who would en-

Still another parrot story, also true: relinquished all thought of the breams Once upon a time a parrot lived in a | he expected to snatch from their beds and Mr. Depew ordered that the papers be promptly sent back to him by registered letter to Vienna. — New prayers and verses of Scripture. One day, after a severe illness, in spite of the water, where he turned round and care and attention, the parrot died. began gently and gradually to back its last words were: "The Lord be with into it. In a few minutes his entire you!"-New Orleans Picayune.

resides in Avon, was a passenger on "At home Tuesdays in March from 3 until 6 o'clock," read a simple minded old lady on the wedding cards of a this city. Mary found some objection young couple of her acquaintance. Well, well," she said, deprecatingly, "Carrie was always an awful girl to with them. A passenger who saw her jump pulled the bell rope, and the "I see the French people call a chestnut a 'rossignol?" said Squibsby, the funny man. "I don't see the connection, really, because a rossignol is she was taken to the police station in she has to send out notice that she creating and several of the passengers found the funny man. "I don't see the connection, really, because a rossignol is she was taken to the police station in she has to send out notice that she creating and the series are ding round and settle down after she married; but this looks like she expected to go it worse than ever when she was taken to the police station in she has to send out notice that she nection, really, because a rossignol is a nightingale."

she was taken to the police station in this city. As a result of her freak she "Oh, well," replied Mrs. Squibsby, received a severe cut on the head. "maybe they've all heard a nighting the was sent to her home in Avon.

she has to send out notice that she won't be at home but three hours a won't be at home but three hours a week. Great housekeeping she'll do strate. This is the way the rabbits "flea" themselves, as it is called, as the seribe afterward learned.

The Hartford (Conn.) Courant has "The biggest profits in the jewelry entered upon its 126th year. business are in diamonds," remarked Ex-Congressman Stephen F. Saturday last by one of the London brigades of the Metropolitan volunteers. This branch of military tactics such an inflated figure. No jeweler log cabin.

> At Plant City, Fla., there has been found what seems to be a half orange straight along; but in a typhoon, just with a rough skin, the latter being a awful jerk.' little larger, growing together as one

Siberia is commonly regarded as a next has been designated as a day for region of ice and cold; but in summer taking subscriptions in all the colored time it is about as hot a country as there is on the face of the globe. There are 16,310 newspapers and ron, who could never in her best days periodicals in the United States, a have been handsome, and yet she had

Mrs. Snowball-Liza, does yo' know Liza-Nome; not perzackly. Mrs. Snowball-Liza, I done tole yo' only about fifteen feet apart, the water of one of which is colder than ice, if possible, while the other almost reaches a boiling temperature.

Yes, thank God, human feeling is like the mighty rivers that bless the earth; it does not wait for beauty—it flows with resistless force, and brings beauty with it.—George Eliot.

They are passing away—the old fashioned negroes of the ante-bellum south-and the places which knew them once will soon know them no more forever. They will in a few years be entirely supplanted by a progeny little like their ancestors. The old plantation—"de white folk's house"—the happy negro quarters— the family ties which bind the two races together in bonds of affection and tender consideration which one must have experienced to appreciate

gone, all gone. Old massa, old missus and the young massas and misses. What a happy family! And who ever mourned with more unfeigned grief than the old family servants the breaking up of the family when "ole massa" died? the family when "ole massa" Alas, it always fell upon the former with a bitterness born of the uncertain fate which awaited them afterward. But they are fast dying out; the old plantation songs have faded from lips on which alone they were once so musical, which no other conditions may ever realize. Did you ever see the long procession of family servants fifty or a hundred or more-follow the coffin which bore "ole massa" to his last resting place?

Down in de cornfield, Hear dat mournful sound;

All de darkies am a arcoring.

Massa's in de cold, cold ground. Talk about negro dialect! No writer has ever approximated it unless h was born and reared on the old southern plantation from childhood to age. And Christmas times "befo' de war." The happy hearts in the "negro and without effect, so far as his back is concerned. The balls glance off the old fellow's back without doing the "aunts" and "uncles," those monarchs of that realm which has no suc-cession—had been awake half the night "waitin' for Christmas."

Were those the days of slavery and barbarism, when white and black alike were happy only because they were ignorant? But who would exchange these brand new days for the old? These days when the "colored ladies and

gentlemen" wear bangs, or carry a raor or a cigarette? Still, it is sad to think of the complete dying out of a race, one of the most interesting in the annals of time passing over the dividing ridge of two Florida Times-Union.

A Badly Frightened Cat. Mr. James Payn tells, in The Illustrated London News, a noteworthy story of a sagacious cat, which rivals bait a hook, Joe's reasoning qualities any of the wonderful stories for which The Spectator is famous. Years ago, I possessed a beautiful Persian cat, called Fluff, quite as sagacious as any of his race described by The Spectator. One incident in his career has to this day many living witnesses. Beautiful and accomplished as he was, he had, of course, his detractors. It was impossible board, and old Joe, who is ever on the watch, saw the prize, and with one plunge and a pair of extended jaws to spoil dear Fluff; but perhaps he was a little indulged. The whole family detested him; and under pretence of the porker disappeared as though he vailed upon me to permit an experiment to be tried upon him, which I have since regretted (for he is dead) with fruitful tears ..

past as were to his liking. A toy cat was purchased of his own size, hideous was purchased of his own size, hideous beyond belief, and one evening secured with string upon my left shoulder. Fluff jumped upon the other as usual, and for a minute or two the dead (or, at least, the stuffed) and the living sat side by side, unconscious of good, other's presence. In leaving for each other's presence. In leaning forward for a bit of salmon Fluff caught sight of the new comer. He couldn't turn white, poor dear, for nature had placed it out of his power; but I never saw panic, and also distress of mind, more clearly depicted in any countenance. With a wild cry, such as is

what he most certainly believed to be ing suffered at the hands-or pawsof the creature he, without doubt, believed to be alive, and capable of seducing any affections from him. Even when I threw it into the fire it did not re-establish confidence between us, nor could I ever persuade him to sit on my shoulder again.

The Rabbit Got Rld of Fleas. One of The Progress force has just returned from a trip to the country, licia of Louvaine, second wife of Henry I, became a leper, and that that was the real reason why, when a happy wife and mother, she left her been received. On the base of the free his been received. On the base of the free his breakfast. A bright thought, so it watching his cork for the evidence of seems, came to polly. One day as he a bite, when a rustling of leaves and left his cage for his morning walk he turned and shut the door of his cage tracted his attention. Turning his and then gave a defiant look at the head in that direction, he discovered a marauder pigeons. This he always rabbit cautiously making his way to did afterward, and so saved his breakthe water. Becoming absorbed in the capers of the nimble quadruped, he

> body was submerged, except the head and face, upon which black spots began to appear, increasing as the mo-ments did, until the entire part became as black as a dark thunder

At this juncture the rabbit made a plunge under the water, as suddenly arose and skipped off as happy a little go, but I did think she'd stop her gad- creature as you would care to see. Im scribe afterward learned.

San Francisco, with a population of about 400,000, has only 120 churches, with a seating capacity of 40,000 and an average attendance of 25,000. The climate of San Francisco does not eem to be conducive to church go

A sailor being asked to describe the difference between a hurricane and a typhoon, replied: "In a hurricane, the wind blows as hard as it can right with a smooth skin and a half lemon as it's blowing its hardest, it gives an

Prominent colored men in Illinoi have formed a national association for The vote in Massachusetts was very the purpose of erecting, in the city of heavy. More than twenty-five tons of paper were used in printing the ballots. Lincoln, the emancipator. April 15th churches and schools in the country. I have seen many an excellent mat

ron, who could never in her best days gain of 800 in twelve months, and of a packet of yellow love letters in a 7,136 in ten years. 7,136 in ten years.

There have been two springs discovered in Bramwell, W. Va., which are only about 60 only abou What is

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complaints, as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. Anchen, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y. THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MUITAY St., New York.

F. M. BUNCH.

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It was his custom to sit upon my right shoulder at dinner time, and to share such portions of my humble reshare such portions of my humble re-NEXT DOOR TO PEOPLES' BANK

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what he most certainly believed to be a rival. Whenever he saw it he miawed and fled precipitately. Even now I and fled precipitately. Even now I therefore the aper. We ask every purchaser of Flour in Giles county to call for "RICHLAND," or "PERFECTION," every time. All merchants in Giles county keep it, or will keep it if you call any

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